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*Contents :*

Huitres, en Coquille . . . . .  
Consommé à la Deslignac . . . . .  
Petites Bouchées à la Montglas . . . . .  
Canapés de Caviar . . . . .  
Olives Farcies . . . . .  
Truites à la Régence . . . . .  
Pommes de Terre, Dauphin . . . . .  
Filet de Beuf à la Richelieu . . . . .  
Côtelettes d'Agneau, aux Petits Pois . . . . .  
Salmi Canards, aux Truffes . . . . .  
Chapons à la Louis XVIII . . . . .

Sorbet à la Bradshaw . . . . .  
Faisan Roti . . . . .  
Salade à la Grollier . . . . .  
Asperges, en branche, Hollandaise . . . . .  
Pouding à la Nesselrode . . . . .  
Gelée, Parisienne . . . . .  
Glacés, aux Mille Fruits . . . . .  
Fraises, Framboises . . . . .  
Petits Fours Glacés . . . . .  
Pièces Montées . . . . .  
Fruits, Fromage . . . . .  
Café Noir . . . . .

VINS.  
*Xeres*  
*Sauterne*  
*Claret*  
*Champagne*

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Thirteenth General Meeting

OF THE

American Library Association

SAN FRANCISCO

October 12th—16th, 1891

PALACE HOTEL

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and others. Two hours were spent in conversation, in promenading through the beautiful grounds, and in doing justice to the dainty collation. It was late in the afternoon when the train left Menlo Park. Air, clear and balmy, an indigo sky, and charming fellowship added to the delights of a most delightful day.

Tuesday and Wednesday nights, after the sessions, parties were arranged, each under the guidance of an officer, for the purpose of visiting Chinatown, a small part of the city as regards area, but harboring 50,000 Celestials.

We were first given a general idea of the streets or alleys, lined with small shops, where curious groceries are sold, and still more curious meats and vegetables; booths where we saw confections, books, newspapers, curios, and around, above, and below the, to us, cabalistic red scrolls, all as distinctly Chinese as if we were in the Flowery Kingdom.

Suddenly we were conducted through a dark passage, down steep and narrow stairs to the squalid, crowded, ill-smelling, living places of these human beings; to their opium dens, mere closets having several bunks, in each of which lies a Chinaman in different stages of intoxication; to the public kitchen, to see the blind woman and the disgusting Chinese idiot. It was a relief to again reach the street where, foul as the air was, it seemed like purity itself compared with that of the subterranean haunts.

The restaurant was a pleasant surprise, with its beautiful lacquered chairs and tables, its dainty china, real tea, and strange sweetmeats. From here we went to the Joss House, but recently finished and gorgeous with its bronze and gilt carvings and richly embroidered hangings.

Our last visit was through long underground passages to the theatre. This is almost indescribable. We were seated on the stage which is entirely without scenery. Near us was the orchestra composed of a gong, cymbals, a violin resembling a croquet mallet, an embryonic banjo, the whole making a discordant din, which, added to the falsetto voices of the actors, made one think of the infernal regions. A part of the party viewed the closely packed audience from a window at the back of the stage, where they looked over the heads of the actors who were some ten feet beneath them. After visiting the "green room" to see the robes heavy with gold and silver embroidery, we left the building, and returned to the American city *via* Murderer's Alley and the Chinese Dupont street, having been sur-

feited with Chinese men, women, and children, shops, dens, and, above all, the all-pervading, monopolizing, come-to-stay Chinese odor.

Thursday afternoon Rev. C. W. Wendte, Dr. S. H. Melvin, Dr. B. A. Rabe, Miss Coolbrith, Messrs. H. F. Peterson, J. C. Rowell, C. B. Morgan, J. B. McChesney, S. G. Hillborn, J. A. McKinnon, and J. E. McElrath met us at the Palace Hotel to conduct us to Oakland, where elaborate preparation had been made for our entertainment.

The University of California at Berkley was first visited, President Kellogg welcoming his guests, and President Green returning thanks. An hour and a half was spent in enjoying the art gallery, library, and university buildings, when much to our regret we were obliged to again take wing.

Returning to Oakland, a brief visit to the library preceded a ride to Piedmont Heights. At 5:30 P. M. we entered the spacious and beautifully-appointed home of the Starr King Fraternity, a most ideal memorial of a man who—

"The truth half jesting half in earnest flung;  
The word of cheer, with recognition in it,  
The note of alms, whose golden speech outrung  
The golden gift within it."

After being pleasantly received by many cultured citizens, we were led to the dining-room, where a ravenous appetite, gained during the long ride, was more than satisfied. The inner man appeased, adjournment was made to the parlors, where pleasant addresses were made by Rev. C. W. Wendte, Dr. Melvin, and President Green. This delightful informal reception was followed by a business session, when carriages conveyed us to the train in time for the 9:30 boat for San Francisco.

Friday evening was devoted to a banquet at the Palace Hotel, the close of a most delightful series of entertainments. This final act was planned by Mr. Horace Wilson and carried out to perfection in every detail. The beautiful flowers and fruits arranged with artistic carelessness, the banks of palms and foliage plants, the brilliantly-lighted white-and-gold room, the hidden orchestra, all conspired to make a veritable fairy land.

The unique menu, a fac-simile of the outer page of the *Library Journal*, brought us to earth again, and it was nearly eleven when Mr. F. J. Symmes, as toastmaster, stopped the merry conversation with a few well-chosen remarks. President Green replied.

Toasts were then responded to by Dr. Linder-

felt, Dr. Nolan, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Professor Kellogg, and Mr. R. R. Bowker.

The hour of twelve brought with it a realizing sense that we were to leave San Francisco early in the morning.

To adequately describe the entertainment ten-

dered us, would require a gifted pen and many pages of the *Journal*. In the words of one of the best and busiest of our colleagues, "I would not have missed it for anything. It was thoroughly enjoyable, and will furnish food for pleasant reminiscences a long time to come."

## PUBLIC RECEPTION IN THE PALACE HOTEL.

MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 12.

Mr. J. VANCE CHENEY called the meeting to order and introduced Rev. Dr. Wendte of Oakland, saying:—

The shadow is always crawling on the bright place, even in this sunny land. At the last moment, I learn that Gen. Barnes, who was to deliver the address of welcome, is prostrated by illness. This is a severe disappointment; but it must not be thought that, on this prolific shore, all hangs upon any one man. I shall introduce presently one (his modesty forbids my mentioning his name till the proper time) who will convince you instantly that many a tongue among us is tipped with the hallowed fire. I shall say but enough to decently bid him step forward.

No words of mine or another are needed to assure you of your welcome. Did we not meet you, at the boundary line of our great State, with the true hospitality of the wild,—with the fish from our waters and the game from our hills; and, a little later, did not our capital city chariot you up and down its flowery ways, its chief officer heading the procession? And thereafter did not a gallant band escort you with due honor down here into the wind and fog? Ay, have not the very elements conspired with us to give you greeting? Last night the rejoicing of the under-gods was such as to shake these solid walls.

An American poet, years ago, styled our State "the leopard of the splendid hide." Our leopard was wilder then than now; we have led her down from her haunts on the brown and yellow hills, and it is only too evident that she can, on occasion, kneel submissively in the presence of beauty and chivalry. Yes, our leopard begins to respect the keeper's hand; still we have need of you tamers from the East who have come to give her such lessons as you may in the course of a short week. We expect much from the next seven days; indeed, it may be that when, three or four thousand years hence, some Flinders Petrie unwraps the mouldy swathings of this once

glorious State, his eye will pause with special delight on this bright little point of her history.

But, members of the American Library Association, that you may know just how welcome you are, I must introduce the Rev. C. W. Wendte of Oakland.

Dr. WENDTE welcomed the Association in a fluent speech, which unfortunately was not reported.

President GREEN said:—

Your welcome is cordial and warm; its cordiality and warmth are only equalled by the sincerity of our gratitude. I thank you in the name of the members of the American Library Association, and of all the librarians of the country, and of the towns, cities, and States which they represent. We come from Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, from Indiana and Illinois, from Michigan and Wisconsin, and from other States of the Union, including those on this coast, and we come one and all in hearty appreciation of the warm-hearted and generous hospitality of the citizens of San Francisco and California.

Among the remembrances of my boyhood are the stirring accounts which appeared in the newspapers of the battles of the Mexican war. I call to mind the fact, as I stand here tonight, that it was a native of Worcester and, at the time, a citizen of Massachusetts, who at the beginning of that war gave the order to the commander of the naval squadron on this coast to take possession of California in the name of the United States. I refer, of course, to George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy, in the Cabinet of President Polk, and historian of the United States.

I carry the history of this great State of California in my memory. As I think of the earlier incidents in its history and remember the crises through which it has since passed, I am filled with renewed confidence in the conservative characteristics of human nature, as shown in the manifesta-

tions of the character of the better portions of the American people. Once aroused we grapple in a death struggle with the elements of disorder, and the contest is sure to end in victory for what is highest and best.

As I think of what has occurred in this State, I am forcibly reminded of the great picture of Sir Joshua Reynolds, called the Infant Hercules. In that picture the limbs and stature of the child are those of a babe, but they are instinct with strength. The face, too, manifests a determined spirit. The infant holds in either hand a serpent which it is crushing.

The better portion of the people of this State crushed out the disorder and vice that existed here, and in the place of chaos and iniquity established order and virtue.

I well remember, sir, the days of 1849. My father fitted out two men who came here to dig for gold. This gold pencil, which I hold in my hand, was given to me in the same year by a gentleman who made a pet of me in my boyhood, just as he started to come here in a vessel which went around Cape Horn. It is inscribed "T. H. S. to S. S. G." I am very sorry that Thomas H. Selby is not here tonight to welcome us, as I am sure he would be were he alive. He came here, was successful as a merchant, and so won your confidence and esteem that you made him Mayor of the city.

In the early days of California we sent you from the East some of the choicest of gifts. We sent you large numbers of well-trained young men. I need not remind you that Thomas Starr King, whose public services you have always appreciated, was a gift from Massachusetts.

What we gave you in days gone by you are returning to us today.

We never can forget how gloriously you came forward during the civil war and poured your gold into the treasury of the nation.

As a distinguished citizen here has just established a university in this State, so another gentleman, formerly resident here, has founded an institution of the highest importance in Central Massachusetts, in the city of Worcester. I refer, of course, to Jonas G. Clark and Clark University. After serving California and San Francisco faithfully as a citizen, in his quiet way, doing what Starr King did more publicly to keep this State loyal to the Union, he left here, and after traveling, and living in New York, went home to his native county of Worcester, Massachusetts, and settled in its chief town.

There he has endowed an institution which has been in existence for two years and which shows vigorous life, the central idea of which is to afford a place where the whole body of instructors and students shall be made of men every one of whom is engaged in making investigations and aiming to add to the sum of human knowledge.

Nobody is admitted to the university who is not an enthusiastic and advanced student, and everybody connected with it is engaged in original research. For Jonas G. Clark who is spending, for the benefit of the whole country, a fortune the foundation of which was laid here, we thank you most heartily.

In former days some persons, residents elsewhere, thought that our country could dispense with New England.

There was a time, sir, when there was much talk about a Pacific republic.

What, sir, could a bird do without its wings? How could the mutilated creature fly onwards and upwards?

What a country would this be without New England and the States on the Pacific coast!

New England is bound to California by bands of iron, and these pass over the breasts of our sister States.

But they are bound together and united with those sister States by the still stronger bonds of respect and affection.

God bless Massachusetts and California. God bless our whole country.

#### A LIBRARIAN'S DREAM.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

The catalogue finished, I slipped away —  
Farewell, it's ho for a holiday!

I pitched my tent by a mountain stream,  
And, lulled by the water, fell in a dream.

Slow rose a building, solemn, old,  
A dingy building, crammed and cold,

Wherein sat toiling, wan and lean,  
A spectacled man, huge books between,

Busier by far than the man of the law  
Once on a time Dan Chaucer saw.

"Enough, enough! the night is come,  
I go," he cried, "to the wife at home."

He spoke and paused, gazed wistfully round,  
And spoke again — 'twas a feeble sound:

"Before I go, look kindly down,  
Bless me, ye mighty in renown;

From shelf to shelf, you know how true,  
Long years have I looked up to you."

I said to myself, 'tis a pitiful sight,  
The grizzled man in the dismal light;

And how came his voice so far and faint?  
There's something about him that smacks of the saint.

While yet in thought I softly spoke,  
 Out of the dusk a strange light broke,  
 And, one by one, from the walls came down  
 Grave files of the mighty, the sons of renown.  
 I stood by a pillar, still as a stone,  
 While every writer on bark or bone,  
 Every sage, it seemed, who had uttered word  
 That, spoken once, is forever heard,  
 Philosophers, prophets, of every clime,  
 From the hour of dawn on the hills of time —  
 Came down, as only the kingly can,  
 And clustered about the queer little man.  
 Kalidasa, Sâdi, Xenophon,  
 Herodotus, Hafiz, Anacreon,  
 Homer, Ferdusi, Æsop, and Bion,  
 Every son of man that the world sets high on;  
 Solon and Cæsar and Socrates,  
 Confucius, Buddha, Sophocles,  
 Josephus, Philo, Ptolemy Soter —  
 No shadow of mortal was ever devotee —  
 Livy and Virgil and Tasso and Dante,  
 And he of the knight on his good Rosinante;  
 And these were but children compared with some others,  
 Startlingly filmy, primitive brothers,  
 Who must have flourished, if Nature had 'em,  
 In the reign of his Serpentship and Adam.  
 Shakespeare I saw, and Rabelais,  
 And Newton, and Milton, and Bacon and Gray,  
 Herschel and Hervey, DeQuincy and Lamb,  
 All shapes of the mighty, all you could cram  
 In a list as long as a Norway mile;  
 And every soul of 'em wearing a smile,  
 A smile of blessing, which golden ran  
 All over the queer little spectacled man.  
 Never before was creature of dust  
 Encircled by shapes so exceeding august;  
 Never was greater obeisance paid  
 To mortal being, monarch or maid.  
 They bowed and they smiled and the time went on;  
 I looked — lo, every shape was gone!  
 And in their places there stormed a band  
 Of the light peculiar to sea and land,  
 Un-Wordsworthian wholly, a crowd  
 Which rushed so fierce and howled so loud

I thought he had come to the end of his span,  
 The little old saintly spectacled man.  
 They coaxed and questioned, they queried and quizzed,  
 Till the windows winked and the pillars whizzed:  
 O, heavens, the things they wanted to know  
 From Moses' tomb down to dynamo!  
 "I should like to make some Ozokerite?"  
 "A cure, if you please, for potato-blight?"  
 "What is the catch of Saskatchewan River?"  
 "What have you got on the spleen and liver?"  
 "The pedigree of the monkey-wrench —  
 Had I better look in Darwin or Trench?"  
 "Is there any new trick for coloring butter?  
 By the way, do you swear by Dewey or Cutter?"  
 "What smarty started the question of sex?"  
 "Who wrote the Brando Multiplex?"  
 "Is Harrison after a second term?"  
 "What have you ament the army-worm?"  
 "What becomes of the flies in winter?"  
 "Is there anything sure to kill a printer?"  
 "Where shall I find a pithy quotation  
 To stick in a skit on immigration?"  
 "Did Marlowe write the 'Ricketty Hand'?"  
 "Can the women vote in Ashantee land?"  
 "Say, what the deuce is a deadand?"  
 And so they plied him, and after and;  
 There isn't an accent in any tongue  
 But over and over 'twas rung and rung —  
 Tumultuous, terrible interrogation,  
 Enough for a Solomon's ruination.  
 I counted up to a million and stopped;  
 But what did the worn saint do? He dropped  
 In his chair, unflinching took shock after shock;  
 Without so much as a glance at his clock,  
 He answered 'em, yea, by Peter and Paul,  
 Serenely he answered 'em, one and all.  
 His dinner at six, 'twas now quite eleven,  
 But there he sat, as the saints sit in Heaven;  
 The friend, the peer, of the shades on the wall,  
 There he sat with an answer for all,  
 Sat wise and calm, tipped back in his chair.  
 This very hour I should look for him there  
 Were it not that, up in the hills by the stream,  
 I woke, and he slipped through the doorway of dream.

### RECEPTION AT OAKLAND.

Before the regular session, the Rev. C. H. WENDTE, Pastor of the First Unitarian Church, addressed the company in the reception room.

It seems my duty to act as a substitute for others who do not put in an appearance. It is a pleasant obligation to address a few words of welcome on behalf of the citizens of Oakland and members of the Starr King Fraternity, and especially for those engaged in the noble course of library work, to tender you a hearty welcome to our city and our hospitalities. I have been asked some questions about our young city, and if you will pardon me for a matter of advertising,

I will give you a few facts. Oakland is a younger city than San Francisco; it has perhaps 70,000 people. It is a pleasant city to live in, a city of homes, schools, and churches. We have the largest Congregational church on this coast, whose pastor, Dr. McGee is with us; we have the largest Presbyterian church, the largest Methodist, and so on. The seminaries of learning, Berkeley, you visited this morning; we have institutions of learning for the young men of this coast; at Berkeley we have a school under a professor whom many of you have known in the East in past years. Some of his teachers are here this



evening. We have high schools, grammar schools, and so on, which I wish you could have seen more of as you traveled about today. We have factories of various kinds, iron works, refining works, car shops—we have a large plant in this Western city, and some day this will be the Brooklyn of this State. Oakland and San Francisco will correspond to Brooklyn and New York. We think this is a very pleasant place to live in.

As to the library, we have one with us this evening who can speak on that subject, and I shall call upon him presently. Your presence with us has given us a great impetus. We are informed that it is the intention of one or two wealthy persons in our community to found some institution among us, and we hope and trust that one of these may be the public library of our city.

Miss INA D. COOLBRITH, librarian of the Public Library of Oakland, read a poem.

#### IN THE LIBRARY.

Who say these walls are lonely, these,  
They may not see the motley throng  
That people it as thick as bees  
The scented clover-beds among.

They may not hear when footfalls cease,  
And living voices for awhile,  
The speech, in many tongues and keys,  
Adown each shadowy aisle.

Here are the friends that ne'er betray:  
Companionship that never tires;  
Here voices call from voiceless clay,  
And ashes dead renew their fires.

For death can touch the flesh alone;  
Immortal thought, from age to age  
Lives on, and here, in varied tone,  
It speaks from many a page.

Here searching History waits,—the deeds  
Of man and nations to rehearse;  
Here clear-eyed Science walks and reads  
The secrets of the universe.

Here lands and seas, from pole to pole,  
The traveler spreads before the eye;  
Here Faith unfolds her mystic scroll  
The soul to satisfy.

Here Homer chants heroic Troy,  
Here Dante strikes the harp of pain,  
Here Shakespeare sounds the grief, the joy,  
Of all of human life the strain.

Alone and silent? Why, 'tis rife  
With form and sound! The hosts of thought  
Are dwellers here; and thought is life.  
Without it earth and man were not.

To war and state-craft leave the bay,—  
A greater crown to these belongs:  
The rulers of the world are they  
Who make its books and songs.

Dr. MELVIN, chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Public Library, said:—

It would be manifestly improper for me to detain you with any extended remarks, if it had been my pleasure to do so, further than to say that we enjoy your visit very much, and on behalf of the trustees we extend to you a cordial invitation to our city and hope we shall see some of you again before we leave. I did not have the pleasure of seeing you this afternoon and accompanying you, but I am told you saw part of our city, and I hope you enjoyed it. It is quite a new thing for us to have a visit from librarians—something unique in fact. We have had representatives here from scientific bodies, political and non-political bodies; so many that conventions coming to this coast excite but little attention. But it is different with librarians. We never have had a visit from librarians from all parts of the Union before, and our people have taken much interest in your trip.

Dr. Wendte has spoken to you of some things we have here; it has occurred to me I might supplement his remarks by telling you of some things which we have not here. For instance, we have here no blizzards of any sort, and very rarely any lightning; no extremes of heat or cold. We do not happen to have Plymouth Rock, but we have the Seal Rocks, and we think we have the most enjoyable climate on the face of the globe. I hope you will enjoy it fully, and that we may have reason to feel that some of you will return again to remain permanently. (Applause.)

Pres. GREEN.—I thank you, Mr. Wendte, ladies and gentlemen, and through you the citizens of Oakland, for this hospitable reception. You have spoken of the library here as not being so good as you desire. We certainly have found it a very cosy and attractive place. It is also certain that you only have to become aware of the value that a library can be to the community, to induce you to make it larger and to give it the means of doing a great work in the city.

But there are only a few minutes before we must begin our regular meeting, so I must say no more. Then, too, the dinner was so good and I partook so heartily of it, that really I am too full for utterance. We were very hungry and you fed us. (Applause.)

I could speak better in a humorous than a serious vein. It has occurred to me, as I looked around in the hall above and saw how many librarians there are here, that if those officers are such a blessing as we claim that they are, many commu-

nities in the East must be suffering, now that we are ail here in California.

There was a wit in Boston, who said that if people were very good, when they died they would go to Paris; now we have come to the conclusion that if we are considered worthy of reward when we die, the thing we should desire most, after leaving the States or cities in which we are now engaged, would be to come through the Golden Gate to

San Francisco and Oakland. Once more, gentlemen, I thank you most heartily on behalf of the American Library Association, for the very cordial reception you have given us and for the royal hospitality you have extended to us. (Applause.)

Mr. WENDTE.—I always thought librarians were slow and not quick of speech, but I have listened to President Green on several occasions within the past few days and find I was mistaken.

### SPEECHES AT THE BANQUET AT THE PALACE HOTEL.

Mr. SYMMES.—*Ladies and gentlemen and members of the American Library Association:* Owing to remarkable modesty on the part of the chairman of the Banquet Committee, it has devolved upon me, as an appointee under him, to preside upon this occasion, and I start with this explanation of the honor which has devolved upon me. I thank you for the attention which you have given up to this moment to the services which have been rendered by the Banquet Committee, and I trust that you will be equally attentive for the few moments which we expect to occupy.

My chief instructions from the Banquet Committee were, not to make a long speech; and certainly nobody else will make one that will bore anybody else.

We desire to extend to you, now that your duties are over, a cordial welcome, and we hope by this meeting to impress upon you the fact of its cordiality.

It is related that once upon a time, when a certain people were about to elect a new ruler or governor, they agreed mutually among themselves, that he should be their chief who first of all, upon a certain day, should behold the rays of the rising sun. Accordingly, upon the morning of the day appointed, they gathered with great anxiety and earnestness and looked out upon the eastern skies. With one exception, however; one man turned his back upon the rising sun and looked west with equal anxiety. Whereupon the others laughed at the idea that he should look in a western direction for the light which was supposed to come from the east. But nevertheless, when the sun rose in his glory, he first painted with his rays the western hills, and this man, of all the company, was the first to behold the rays of the rising sun. Now, when you left your eastern homes, in the centre of civilization and culture and refinement, to come and visit us in this far-away west, it perhaps seemed to you equally absurd that you

should find out here anything which might enlighten you. It has, therefore, been the special aim of the Library Committees here and of the few citizens who have joined them in their efforts to entertain you, to enable you to behold such a rise of civilization and culture and refinement as we have here with us to develop.

We have completed our attentions, so far as we have been able to give them, for the reason that your time is now over and you are about to leave us, and this is the conclusion of the attentions which we have been able to give.

I have it upon the authority of Mr. Rowell, that the Right Honorable Mr. Gladstone once gave this definition of the word "Deputation," as "a multitude, signifying many but not much." It has been held that the American Library Association can be considered a deputation, not in that light, however, but as an organization consisting of "much, but not very many." (Applause.)

On behalf of the American Library Association, therefore, we shall ask your honored President, Mr. Green, to address us.

President S. S. GREEN.—*Ladies and gentlemen:* I remember a story of a good clergyman who, being entertained on a certain occasion, when he came to dinner found two turkeys on the table and two kinds of pies, and I don't know how many other sorts of good things. When he saw the bountiful repast that was spread before him, he was moved to exclaim in saying grace, "Oh, bountiful Jehovah, we thank Thee for all these blessings." He was so pleased with the fare that he concluded to stay two or three days in the family of his host. The next day for dinner there was only one turkey and one kind of pie. That day his grace was, "Oh, Lord, teach us to be thankful for all thy favors." The next day there was nothing but turkey hash and no pie at all, and he prayed piteously, "Oh, Lord, teach us to *strive* to be thankful." We have some fear that with all the luxuries with



which you have regaled us the past week, you will suffer when we go away, but we trust that as you will have the productive soil of California left to you, you will not be forced to "strive to be thankful."

Two or three months ago I had the pleasure of visiting Quincy, Massachusetts, on the invitation of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in a party led by Senator Hoar of Worcester, and made up of officers of the American Antiquarian Society, which has its headquarters at Worcester, and of the Massachusetts Historical Society, which has its headquarters in Boston. We were taken to see the house in which John Adams, the second President of the United States, was born, and the house where John Quincy Adams was born. We were taken to the church, in the basement of which are buried the remains of those two Presidents, and Mr. Adams opened the vault in which they are contained, saying that he was not aware that it had been opened since the remains of John Quincy Adams were placed there. Then we sat down to lunch in Mr. Adams' house in Quincy, and afterwards, having visited several graveyards in Quincy, were conducted to the house of Mr. Adams' father, the late Charles Francis Adams, who served as our Minister to England during the Civil War. There we were shown a building in the rear of the house in which are contained the archives of the Adams family: the diary and correspondence of John Adams, the diary and correspondence of John Quincy Adams, and the diary and correspondence of Charles Francis Adams. In that building, sir, we had the history of the eastern portion of our country and of New England.

This afternoon I was taken to a little building in a distant part of this city and shown a collection which Mr. Bancroft has made: the archives of this Pacific Coast. I congratulate you, sir, that here on this Pacific Coast the archives of this portion of the republic are being carefully preserved, and that under the guidance of Mr. Bancroft an epitome of them is being presented to the world in printed form.

It is a source of great satisfaction to the members of the American Library Association that they have been received with so much kindness here in San Francisco. This is the centre of mental activity in California, and to a considerable extent the centre of political activity in this great commonwealth. Hence the pleasure we have felt, sir, because you have been moved to show us so great kindness, and because you felt us worthy of the royal hospitality which we have enjoyed.

There is a little story of the late Charles Dickens, one of the lesser known of his stories, "The Haunted Man," which describes an institution in the dining-room of which there was a portrait under which was the motto, "Lord, keep my memory green." We have made, sir, in this city and in California, many acquaintances and some friends. It is our sincere hope, this evening when we are parting from the city, that our memory may remain green in your hearts. (Applause.)

Mr. SYMMES. — I think Mr. Green need not express or feel any anxiety about our going hungry after he leaves. I think he might well be reminded of the story of the darkey who was questioning the efficacy of prayer. He said that it depended a great deal upon the prayer, and that the efficacy of prayer depended largely upon a man's discrimination. He said, "Now, if I pray for a chicken the Lord is not going to bring me a chicken, but if I pray the Lord to send me after a chicken, I get one every time." The American Library Association have been here and they have gotten their chicken, such as it is.

We recognize the fact that you have today placed at the head of your Association for the coming year, and honored with the highest honors which you have to give, Dr. Linderfelt of Milwaukee. (Applause.)

Now, we are a long way from Milwaukee, and it is not as well known here as, perhaps, some Milwaukee people think it is. It is chiefly known out here for its supply of a most excellent beverage. We will ask Mr. Linderfelt to tell us where Milwaukee is.

Dr. LINDERFELT. — *Ladies and Gentlemen, Citizens of San Francisco:* It is a great pleasure to me to stand here to night as the representative of a municipality which your chairman has justly designated as distant, and that I have been allowed to come out here, bringing with me the greetings of our fair city on the shores of the great inland sea, to this other fair city, behind whose hills the sun sets at night, only to rise again in renewed glory out of the ocean that laves the eastern coast of this our common country.

You, Mr. Chairman, have intimated that you need to be told where Milwaukee is, and that it is known here chiefly for the beverage you take so kindly to in this part of the world, and I infer that the mention of Milwaukee instantly conjures up before the mental vision of the Californian a foaming beer mug. Well, we do use the hops and the malt to good advantage, but at the same time I wish to say emphatically that we have other

things and make other things in Milwaukee besides beer. It is, in fact my honest opinion, and in spite of my friend across the table, who has just warned me not to say it, I will proclaim it fearlessly, that next to San Francisco there is not another place on this continent equal to Milwaukee; next to California there is not a State in the Union equal to Wisconsin. (Applause.)

And the mention of Wisconsin brings to my mind the shock I received when, on my arrival, one of the gentlemen here present, who is at the head of one of your foremost libraries, coolly and unblushingly located Milwaukee in the State of Michigan. Not that I want to disparage in any way our sister State across the unsalted sea, since that would immediately bring me into conflict with my friend from Detroit, but I do think Wisconsin is fully able to take care of her own. If he had placed us within the confines of Illinois, I should have thought it less strange, for we of Milwaukee have long been accustomed to be considered merely an outlying ward of our grasping neighbor on the south; and it is not entirely beyond the range of possibility that Chicago may yet "take us in," in order to improve the general average of her citizens. Well, you all know Chicago, know what she is and what she aims to be, and that you don't know Milwaukee equally well is due entirely to the singular modesty which is the most distinguishing trait of her inhabitants. And this modesty prompts us on all occasions to concede the first place to somebody else, a trait of which I have already unwittingly given you an example. Not so with Chicago.

I have a friend in Chicago who has two lovely little girls, eight and ten years of age. They went to Boston a few years ago to visit a relative, and while there some callers entertained themselves talking to these little folks from the West, and among other things said, "You must see a great many things in Boston you have not in Chicago?" The girls opened their eyes, and the elder asked, in astonishment, "What?"

"You have not the ocean, for instance!"

"Oh, but we have the lake!"

"But that is not as big as the ocean."

"It looks just as big."

"But you certainly have not any mountains."

"Mountains! If we wanted any we'd make them!"

Now, that is the kind of hairpin a Chicagoan is, even while a child. A Milwaukeean would have conceded the point at once.

And yet, while not considering Milwaukee and

the universe synonymous terms, we are proud of our city, proud of our men, proud of our women! You should see Milwaukee nestling among shady bowers on her seven hills, overlooking a bay that has been compared with the celebrated Bay of Naples for beauty; her streets lined with homes of men and muses, her valleys teeming with industry, and these industries more varied and extensive than any other city of its size in the country. And as for those who make up the city, I dare say there is not one person present in this room who will dispute that we have the right to be proud of our men, when I call to your minds, ladies and gentlemen, that the gentleman whom you have called to fill the Governor's chair in the great State of California until a few years ago was an honored citizen of the Cream City. (Applause.)

I am told that this banquet is somewhat of an innovation in your beautiful city of San Francisco, in so far as ladies are not usually present at gatherings of this kind. In Milwaukee, on the contrary, we would not know how to get along without our women; we must have them by our side, to share our joys as they share our sorrows. And what men can do in Milwaukee, women can do. Men will have their clubs to keep them busy of an evening, and our Milwaukee women have a flourishing women's club, which has been a guiding-star for similar institutions throughout the entire country. When a home was wanted for that club, the women started a stock company, and they put up a building and furnished it without invoking the aid of a man in the whole enterprise. They made it one of our notable edifices, which has become the centre of the literary and intellectual life of the city; and what is more, it pays its stockholders handsome dividends. Can you match this in California?

I am afraid I am going beyond the time that I ought to have, particularly as it has been devoted mostly to self-glorification; and I shall tax your patience only a few minutes longer, while I thank you and all the inhabitants of San Francisco, both on my own behalf and on behalf of the whole Library Association, and to assure you that your warm welcome to, and generous reception of, what President Kellogg termed the "circulating librarians," have made it impossible for us ever to forget our trip to California.

I have seen many cases, in my day, of California fever, and I have always had a slight contempt for the unfortunates thus attacked; but after seeing what this country has done for you and what you have done for the country, I begin myself to feel

severe symptoms of that disease. Its most evident effect is a desire to live in California, but if our reception continues to the end as it has begun, I fear you will have to bury me in California. (Applause.)

Mr. SYMMES. — Dr. Linderfelt has alluded to the remarkable circumstance that we find ladies present at a banquet of this kind, which fact I have no intention to ignore, but I was afraid that the Presidents might feel that they should be first recognized.

It is a remarkable fact that certainly never before in this building, and I question if ever on this coast, has there been an entertainment of this kind, graced, as this has been, by so many fair women.

It is a favorite method of the mathematician, when he wishes to discover the true value of any quantity, to map out a theory and then follow out his conclusions. Did it ever occur to you, my friends, what a forlorn and desolate condition this globe would be in if it had not been for women? Can you imagine the condition of our poor old Adam, wandering alone in the Garden of Eden, companionless, without any woman to pluck his apples for him, or to throw the blame upon, when he found they were bitter and sour? Think of poor little Moses; he might have been floating up and down among the bulrushes yet but for the fair woman who came to his relief. And we need not go so far back as that, but look to our own later times. Think of the long line of American Smiths; where would they be today had it not been for that dear little Indian girl, Pocahontas?

Without the ladies, what light would be lost throughout the libraries all over the country; and when we realize, as well we may, our dependence upon them, the pleasures and joys which we have with them, certainly we cannot overlook the honor which they have conferred upon us by their attendance here tonight. If I mistake not, Dr. Nolan, of Philadelphia, is a man who has learned to appreciate the ladies, librarians or otherwise. I call upon Dr. Nolan.

Dr. NOLAN. — *Ladies and Gentlemen:* We were received at an inconveniently early hour in the morning, by the good Samaritans from Sacramento, who came to us at Truckee, laden with the fruits and flowers of the soil. They brought us roses, chrysanthemums, grapes, pears, figs, and last, but not least, salmon and quail. The latter was afterwards placed on toast. Since that time until the present moment, or until a very few moments ago, everything was so gracious, graceful, well-considered

and well-ordered, that not only were those men from Sacramento, but all the men we have met in California were Sacramento men, in view of the fact that they are evidently outward signs of an inward grace.

But our toastmaster has made the first break, in calling upon me to respond to the toast. I do not know how to do it. In the first place, our toastmaster has spoken some of the best things I was going to say and appropriated them to himself. He has spoken of the obligations of Mrs. Adam, formerly called "Eve," to Mr. Adam, and of our little friend Moses to the daughter of Pharaoh, in taking him out of the water to save him from a watery grave, and doubtless other incidents would have occurred to him, as they might have occurred to me, if I had had more time to think about it. (Laughter.)

In view of the dreadful experience that I knew I would undergo in considering the proper language to use on this occasion, my first intention was to decline positively and absolutely to go into the room, when I knew that I would be called upon to speak upon "The Women," but in view of the wonderful kindness and attention we have experienced at the hands of the gentlemen of the San Francisco Committee, and in view of the very satisfactory bill of fare that we have been called upon to discuss, I thought that I would have to be guided by the words of Luther at the Diet of Worms, when he declared, "I can take no other course."

Mr. Jackson would be a far better man to call upon to speak to the toast of "The Ladies." I have never had any experience in this direction; I am a practitioner — a poor practitioner of medicine; I am afraid my clients sometimes find me a poor practitioner, but not always. Nevertheless, I am not entirely without resources. When I find myself in a predicament, I can generally find my way out of it. This occasion is not an exception to the rule. When called upon I immediately looked about for assistance and I went to a lady and entreated her to act as special providence on this occasion. She prepared something for me, and I now have the pleasure of responding to the toast of "The Ladies." (Producing manuscript.) I will endeavor to deliver the lines with an impressiveness worthy of the subject:

"Under the divine guidance of this charming toast, my tongue feels its inadequate ability to express the devoted sentiments of an overflowing heart. Beneath the lovely radiance of the beaming eyes and witching smiles which surround us

tonight, the blushes of even California roses pale in comparison. The sincerity of their countenances, the gentleness of their demeanor and the charm of their society form a triumvirate stronger to control the actions of all true lights than any that cross the page of history. He that bends not his will to their persuasive mandates and bows not his head in reverence to their worth, is beyond the pale of true manhood. The ladies, our comfort in times of trouble, our solace in the hours of pain, source of light and joy forever." (Applause.)

Now, ladies and gentlemen, that is the orthodox way of doing it, and I am thoroughly persuaded that it cannot be well improved upon. I would be well contented to leave it right there, but under the influence of my emotions I intend to say a few words more. (Applause.) Mr. Toastmaster, may I go on?

The TOASTMASTER.—Yes, four minutes more.

Dr. NOLAN.—The ladies are responsible for a great many things. I have no hesitation in saying that the decoration of this room must have been ordered and supervised by a lady. I do not think that a male biped could have done it. How far the ladies have been responsible for the cuisine and cookery, I do not know, but we all know that among the attainments of our American women, the making of pie is one that has the most far-reaching influence from Maine to California. The American pie is noted, not only at home, but its reputation has gone abroad, and the people from other countries come over here to enjoy the protection accorded the American industry, "pie making."

In this connection I am reminded of a story which has been heard, perhaps, by some of the members of this Association, but it will bear repeating because there are some persons present who are not members of the Association, and, therefore, have not heard this story. There are very few stories known to any member of the Association which all those on that train across the continent did not hear during the journey many times. It is said that an English gentleman who journeyed across the ocean and arrived in Boston, thinking that when in Rome he must do as the Romans did, immediately decided that he would sample the great American dish, pie. So he sat down at the lunch-table at the Parker House, and told the colored individual who waited upon him that he wanted pie.

The waiter said: "We have apple pie, cherry pie, peach pie, plum pie, pumpkin pie, lemon pie, and custard pie."

Said the Englishman: "I'll take some apple pie, cherry pie, peach pie, plum pie, pumpkin pie, and lemon pie."

The waiter looked at him and said: "Well, what's the matter with the custard pie?" (Laughter.)

Upon the train leaving Boston our English friend met a countryman of his to whom he related the story, and he wound up by saying: "And now, old chappie, what do you suppose was the matter with the custard pie?" (Laughter.)

We have to be thankful to the ladies, among other things, for their presence across the Continent. If the San Franciscans, as reported, have not yet had an opportunity to have the ladies present on such occasions as this, it is their loss, and I hope that one of the literary works with which we will be credited is to teach them to associate themselves with the ladies hereafter.

"Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Mr. SYMMES.—I do not think I mistook my man. Among the many things of which California has cause to be proud are the recent growth and enterprise of our city, in respect to manufactures, and the building up of enterprises which will make this portion of the globe independent of the Eastern States; among the citizens of this place who are here to enjoy your society this evening, there is one who has, perhaps, done more than almost any other man in furthering the interests of manufacturing, and who knows and appreciates the value of books, paintings, and works of art, as well as the more practical details of mechanics, and whose enterprise and industry have given to us one of the largest manufactories of this coast, one which will compare well with any enterprise of its kind in the East or in any country. We shall ask Mr. Irving M. Scott of this city to say a few words.

Mr. SCOTT.—*Mr. Chairman and our Visiting Guests:* In rising to respond to a toast here tonight, at this library meeting, I want to congratulate the librarians of the United States upon the progress that they have made. Some few years ago I was connected with the library interests of this city, and we never had anything like this. We had our dinner in a plain and simple manner, and we passed down to our library meeting and attended to our business, like old-fashioned fellows. If there is anything I congratulate you upon, it is

that you have broken through the solid lines of business and carried on your meetings under such a roof as this, surrounded by flowers and fruits, and the fairest product of any land, the ladies. Neither do I yield to our friend from Milwaukee, that the people of his city are more gallant than we are. While you of Milwaukee were building houses in which women had no share, we were taking into full partnership all our wives and endowing them with one-half of all our accumulations. California is making no show in buildings, but on her laws she has grafted the central truth, that woman is the equal of man and entitled to the same rights and to a full share of all that is accumulated in their partnership.

I speak not only to Milwaukee, but to all the cities that cluster around the lakes on the north, or the ocean on the east, and I tell our other friends that Californians left the land where pie is a luxury; we have better things than turkey and beans and pie; we have the teeming fruits and flowers and all that belongs to a land that blossoms with milk and honey, and we ask all of you people from those regions where pie is a luxury and beans are an absolute necessity, to come over and spend the winter with us. (Applause.)

Alluding to the labor question, in the modern system of economy, where the telegraph is an instrument of every-day use, a man telegraphs to save time. There is no employment so important in the economy of the present civilization as that of the librarian, for the time has passed when any man can afford to crowd his brain with dry statistics which are better kept in books, to which we can refer with greater assurance of accuracy than to any man, however learned, however indefatigable he may be in the pursuit of knowledge. To the great libraries we turn at the hour and the time when they are needed. We have in this growth of the modern library and its association with other indispensable adjuncts, the librarian. We no longer turn over our leaves in searching for facts, but we ask for the librarian and we tell him what we want; he tells us to look on shelf A for volume B, page 10, and paragraph 2, as the case may be, and get what we want. It is absolutely indispensable that with the great libraries of today, and the great economizing of time and space, and the great crowding of great events into a small space, and of the gradual shortening of the diameter of the earth, and of the methods of intercourse, that we should have a librarian who can at once put his finger upon the topic which is wanted, and give us, not only the best book, but the

best paragraph at the least possible expenditure of time and trouble. That is what your libraries have produced, a phenomenal man. Why, the librarian of that sacred library at Washington can multiply eleven figures in his head, besides quoting every paragraph in astronomy.

Now, the libraries which you have been supervising, the dissemination of this great fund of information which you are engaged in collecting, are becoming better understood and better known.

Mr. Scott referred to his experience in the British Museum in London, some years ago, and the great improvements made in British libraries since then, mentioning their system of cataloguing and taking care of the books. He then said:

You, as librarians of the United States, have a duty which you owe to your fellow-citizens in showing that intelligence of which the library itself is an exponent, by inducing the highest possible circulation, and in giving the greatest amount of information to every mother's son who is aspiring for fame.

And believing that you are competent to take care of this great matter, and that these meetings are full of interest and full of learning and progress, we of California welcome you all from all the lakes and rivers and States; I say unto you, with all respect, come over and see us and bring your wives and your daughters, for we are 100,000 women short in this State. (Laughter.)

Mr. SYMMES.—Of course you all recognize that one of the most important requisites to the progress and improvement of the nation is popular instruction. Next to that I think, perhaps, you are willing to admit that universities, colleges, and other centres of information can, perhaps, be rated. We have with us tonight the President of the University of California, an institution of which we are exceedingly proud, an institution which is undoubtedly the most valuable and important of any upon our coast. I ask you to listen to a few words from President Martin Kellogg, of the University of California.

Pres. KELLOGG.—*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:* It gives me pleasure to see the faces of the librarians. Certainly the universities and libraries and higher educational institutions are all very closely connected; they are all bound up in one bundle and look toward the elevation of the community. Here in California we are glad now to feel that great progress has been made. I remember the time when there were not many libraries in California. There were a few private libraries, like that of Judge Hoffman,



who lived in this city, and those of some gentlemen who have passed away, that were noted for their excellence, but very few libraries existed in this State, and few institutions of learning. Their time had not yet come. But far back in past years there were a few men who looked forward to the time when universities, colleges, academies, and high schools should exist, and now they have won. There has been a great deal of progress, and this year, 1891, has witnessed a very remarkable event. The university that existed is not now alone; another university has been placed alongside of ours, and we feel that now it will be like Oxford and Cambridge in England, or, if you choose, like Harvard and Yale in New England. These two, emulating each other in all good works, will efficiently forward the power of education more rapidly than either one would have done alone. We believe that the time which remains of this century will be productive of good to California, as well as to other States.

The President, a few years ago, began to speak to the young men under his care, to prepare them to be messengers of truth in the century to come. And now we are in the ninth decade of the 19th century. Some of our Regents of the University have been assigned to terms that reach far over into the next century—sixteen years is their term of office. How near we are to that dividing line!

It seems to me that when the 20th century opens, it will not be in quiet, and with no throb of feeling from a people who desire the best things for themselves and their race, but that there will be a great outburst of feeling, a shout arising, as it were, to Heaven that there has never been such progress in all the past here on this coast and throughout the American nation. Is it not so? I believe California will not be left behind. I believe California will take its part; that it will stand among the foremost States then.

How old is the Library Association, Mr. President?

PRES. GREEN.—Fifteen years.

MR. KELLOGG.—You will not come to San Francisco again very soon. There are so many other places, so many places like Milwaukee, that think themselves the center of the Union, the Library Association will have to go to them, to many cities, and see many men, like Ulysses of old, before it comes again to San Francisco. But I venture to say, when it does come again, it will see a far different state of things. If you had come in 1849, or the year immediately succeeding, you would have seen little to remind you of the educa-

tional feeling known in the Eastern States; you would have seen little of those things here, but when you come again to San Francisco I trust you will find California in the front rank of States. There is a spirit here that has received an impulse within the last few years, an evolution, a force patiently at work underneath the consuming forces prevalent within the State, and this has been powerful for good and now is beginning to tell. And more and more, as the years pass, there will be seen here in California progress in all that has to do with the welfare of man.

I do not believe that the horse races that are attended from day to day are the best things in California; I do not believe that the speculation upon our streets is the best thing to be seen here. I do believe that while these things last there will be also in the community things which are better and which appertain to the immortal mind of man; that these things are the things which are to prevail in California. While some of us will not be here when we next meet, some will be here. Any man and any woman who gives his presence then—ask him if there has not been progress here on this western coast, if there has not been development. We must do more and more for the enlightenment of the States along this coast, for the enlightenment of the shores beyond the seas, of the nations with which our commerce brings us in contact, with the nations with which our internal commerce brings us into intercourse even to the Atlantic shore. I firmly trust that will be the case. I believe in the future of California. I do not believe in egotism or boasting on the part of the people of California. I believe this is to be one of the great empire States of the Union, and I am thankful that we see our friends here tonight. I wish I could go with them to see some of the libraries they have built up in old New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the rest of the States. I know they are doing a great work for our nation. I bid them God speed in the efforts that they make. (Applause.)

MR. SYMMES.—We realize that you have to make an early start in the morning, and, while we feel that we have many other good men among us whom we should like to call upon to say a few words to you in the interest of California, such as the Mayor of the city and an ex-Mayor, the member of Congress and the new judge, and that we have not begun to display our talent yet, I remember that it was a part of the contract that I should not bore you nor let any one else do so. Therefore



we shall close our entertainment by simply asking you to wait for one more speaker. We think it would be well to turn upon us the electric light of one of your editors and publishers, one who, if he is like all the editors we know, will speak the truth and perhaps shame the devil. He will not be afraid to say anything he likes and we promise to put up with it. We will ask Mr. R. R. Bowker to tell us what he thinks of us.

Mr. BOWKER.—*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of San Francisco:* When midnight is near and the roses of the banquet begin to fade, although I am told that the roses of California never fade, he speaks best who speaks least, and I am rather disposed to quote Mr. Hale and say that, on the whole, there has been so much said and so well said, that I will not further occupy the time. But I have been asked to say good-bye, and to say a word as to what we have seen and as to what we of the Library Association think of California and our California hosts. I cannot, after the numerous scriptural allusions of the evening to Adam, to Moses, and to quail, which we did not expect to hear in this biblical land, suggest the striking out, between sacred and profane history, of much which we have had an object lesson of at your hands.

The ancient Israelites passed forty years getting through a very small piece of desert, and when they reached the promised land and the mountaintops which overlooked it, they had to send out spies to bring back to them the grapes of Israel. We passed through what used to be the Great American Desert, that is now marked only by a spot on the map, in a few hours, and instead of sending out spies we found the inhabitants of the promised land coming to us with grapes to which the grapes of Israel could not have been a circumstance. And when from that splendid height of Cape Horn we looked down upon the land of promise, we were sure that no people before the Americans had looked upon such a landscape for their promised land. And when descending to the plains we reached the land of promise, we found it already a land of fulfillment. A generation ago you found your gold below the surface; now you are finding your golden harvests on the richest soil that has been given to man, and you are looking forward to that greater harvest which grows six feet above ground, the harvest of brain.

It has been a great pleasure, not a surprise, but a great and growing pleasure to see how much attention California has given to the intellectual development of your State and to the country. It

is the librarian's honor and pleasure to serve in the development of that harvest. It is the librarian's aim, and particularly of those librarians gathered in this American Library Association, to be the great saving instrument and to amplify a frequent motto of our Association. The American Library Association works "to give the best views to the greatest number of people at the least cost, with the least trouble and in the shortest time."

We are glad to find here in the city of San Francisco a staff of librarians whose equals we have scarcely found in any city which we have reached; and I say that in all sincerity and with no tinge of insincere flattery. If the visit of this Association helps you to appreciate more fully the men you have about you, to assist them more heartily in their work of helping to develop brain, we shall be glad we have come.

We hope that another result of our visit will be the formation of a library association in this State, that will make you all feel how useful an association is in this work of development.

Let me call your attention to, perhaps, the most interesting fact about this Association, in connection with other national associations of its kind; that these journeys from one city to another are knitting together with golden threads, giving to it a closeness of texture, making it a cloth of gold, such as no other nation has been. It is time, sir, to say good-bye. I cannot tell you what we think of California, because it will take to-day, tomorrow, and the day after, and all the time until we leave. We say good-bye in the old English sense, and I can assure you, sir, that, though to some of us California seemed a long way off, California will ever be very near to us, and as we leave this land of gold, with its magnificent approach at the Golden Gate, our memories of it will be, to the end of our days, golden memories. (Applause.)

Mr. SYMMES.—As the hour of midnight approaches, it seems wise that we should close our proceedings at this time; we will therefore now adjourn.

The guests present were:

GENTLEMEN.

Badlam, Alexander.	Layman, Jos. D.
Baker, L. L.	Linderfelt, K. A.
Barnes, Gen. W. H. L.	Morgan, C. B.
Bauer, Emil.	Morrow, Judge W. W.
Bean, John D.	McChesney, J. B.

Beckwith, Daniel.	McNulty, Bert.		
Bigelow, S. C.	McWilliams, J. P.	Argonaut.	Report.
Bowker, R. R.	McKinnon, J. M.	Examiner.	Wave.
Boyd, C. M.	Nolan, Dr. E. J.	Post.	Chronicle.
Brady, Henry J.	O'Connor, Prof. Hos.	Call.	
Cheney, John Vance.	Perkins, Dana.		LADIES.
Clark, George T.	Peterson, H. F.	Ahern, Miss M. E.	Kirkland, Miss C. S.
Cleary, A.	Pond, E. B.	Allan, Miss Jessie.	Kumli, Miss Bertha.
Cloudesley, W. F.	Richardson, Dr. G. M.	Badlam, Miss.	Linderfelt, Mrs. K. A.
Cooke, H. H.	Root, A. S.	Baker, Mrs. L. L.	Lippett, Miss Julia.
Coues, Prof. Elliott.	Rowell, J. C.	Barr, Miss Belle.	Macy, Miss L. F.
Cutter, Charles A.	Rudolph, A. J.	Bauer, Mrs. Emil.	Marble, Mrs. E. C.
Cutting, Gen. John T.	Saunderson, Mayor.	Bean, Miss M. A.	Metcalf, Miss Anna.
Dana, John C.	Scott, A. W.	Bigelow, Mrs. S. C.	Morrow, Mrs. W. W.
Davis, Chas. H.	Scott, Irving M.	Boyd, Mrs. C. M.	O'Brien, Miss.
Day, Clinton.	Scudder, S. H.	Beaver, Miss Kate.	Plummer, Miss M. W.
Doxey, William.	Shaw, Geo. T.	Cheney, Mrs. J. V.	Pond, Mrs. E. B.
Dudley, C. R.	Soule, Prof. F.	Cole, Miss.	Prescott, Miss H. B.
Easton, Wendell.	Starbird, A. W.	Coolbrith, Miss Ina D.	Rust, Mrs. M. C.
Ewing, Robert.	Stechert, G. E.	Coues, Mrs. E.	Rowell, Mrs. J. C.
Fletcher, W. I.	Sutro, Adolph.	Crooks, Miss Alice.	Rudolph, Mrs. A. J.
Gale, Prof.	Symtices, F. J.	Cutler, Miss L. S.	Scott, Mrs. A. W.
Gilmore, L. B.	Tanszky, E.	Davis, Mrs. Charles H.	Scott, Mrs. Irving M.
Goodwin, William.	Terrill, C. C.	Dexter, Miss Lydia A.	Shaw, Mrs. Geo. T.
Green, S. S.	Todd, Prof.	Easton, Mrs. Wendell.	Sherman, Miss D. K.
Greenblatt, Moses.	Utley, H. M.	Ewing, Mrs. Rob't.	Smith, Mrs. G. R.
Halladie, A. S.	Wetherbee, L. B.	Gilmore, Miss L. S.	Soule, Mrs. F.
Harkness, H. W.	Whelpley, A. W.	Halladie, Mrs. A. S.	Taft, Miss E. A.
Hild, F. H.	Whitaker, A. E.	Hancock, Miss C. G.	Terrill, Mrs. C. C.
Jellison, A. M.	Wilson, H. L.	Harbaugh, Miss May C.	Van Zandt, Miss M.
Jenks, Rev. H. F.	Wilson, Horace.	Harris, Miss Emma G.	Wade, Miss E. J.
Johnson, A. J.	Wire, George E.	Hasse, Miss.	Whelpley, Mrs. A. W.
Johnston, D. V. R.	Woodruff, E. H.	Hewins, Miss C. M.	Whitaker, Mrs. A. E.
Kellogg, George H.	Wallis, G. H.	Hitchcock, Miss A. G.	Wilson, Mrs. Horace.
Kellogg, Prof. M.		Jellison, Mrs. A. M.	Younkin, Miss Lulu.
		Kelso, Miss Teresa.	

## FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO CHICAGO.

BY MISS M. E. AHERN.

It was a party somewhat worn out bodily, but still fresh in enthusiasm, that left San Francisco at 9.30 A. M., Saturday, Oct. 17, on its way to view the wonders that lie between that city and Monterey. For about two hours every one tried to prove to his neighbor that he had brought away the largest amount of enjoyment that could possibly have been crowded into the previous week. The route lay through a broken but very picturesque part of the country, with many points of interest about which the party were informed through the kindness of Mr. Whitaker of the

Mercantile Library, and Gen. Wilson of the Mechanic's Institute, who accompanied the librarians, and laid them under a lasting obligation for their unceasing efforts in behalf of the comfort and pleasure of the A. L. A. At noon the party reached the Big Trees, where they were met by a delegation of citizens from Santa Cruz. An appetizing lunch was spread under the shade of the forest giants, and the most hearty appreciation of the genial hospitality of the good people of Santa Cruz was very manifest. Very happy after-speeches were made by the Mayor and other

citizens of Santa Cruz, which were responded to in like manner by Pres. Green, Mr. Linderfelt, and others. A stroll through this grove made one feel the aptness of the lines which declare "The groves were God's first temples," as the majesty and power of these mighty forest giants filled the soul with wonder and admiration. With the usual bad taste, names of distinguished people have been given to various trees, so that visits were made to Gen. Sherman, Gen. Grant, Jumbo, and to Gen. Fremont's Camp, which latter is entirely lined with cards bearing the names of those who have been there. A beautiful stream flows through this forest. I will not chronicle the pleasures and mishaps of the young ladies who enjoyed its pellucid waters.

After we had been subjected to the magic power of the camera, the journey was resumed, and Santa Cruz was soon reached. Two of the party had tramped the six miles from Big Trees through a romantic cañon. The short time between trains was occupied in a visit to the public library under the guidance of Miss Waterman, the efficient librarian. Santa Cruz contains 7,000 people and the library 8,000 books. While waiting for the train the hospitality of the Hotel on the Beach was extended to the librarians, and a choice collection of beautiful flowers was placed at their disposal. A heavy fog came up which proved nearly disastrous to many who were gathering up the shells from the seashore, for "Maud" came near being lost. The party reached Monterey about 7 P. M. After dinner little parties of twos or fours started out to enjoy the moonlight and the beautiful grounds. The fog still was very heavy, and so no one knows who it was that was lost in the Maze, or who it was that looked out for Aunt Lu, but certain it is that much unwritten history happened under cover of that fog. All that art can do, combined with the most profuse luxuriance of nature, makes the neighborhood of the Hotel del Monte, the choice garden spot of the Pacific coast. We thoroughly enjoyed the grounds, the views, the beach, and the Long Drive. Visits were made on Sunday to the old missions founded in 1770 by Father Junipero Serra, which by the liberality of Mrs. Leland Stanford are in good repair.

Early Monday morning the return to San Francisco was made, and the day was spent in viewing many places of interest, which, in the press of business and pleasures of the week before, had not been visited. Some of the party, however, stayed in Monterey to take the "long drive" of seventeen

miles along the shore, one of them taking it for the second time with even increased pleasure. With many pleasant and lasting memories of San Francisco the party took up its former quarters in "Scotland" and "Belgium," and at 10.00 P. M., amid hearty good-byes and good wishes on both sides, left for the tour through Southern California. All Tuesday the road lay through the various kinds of Californian country. Now the land was fruitful, covered with vines and fig trees; again, we were climbing the mountains going round the Loop and through the mountain tunnels and over the wastes of the Mojave Desert. About the middle of the afternoon a bare, bleak mountain was pointed out, on the summit of which rose a white cross, and a librarian from the region thereabouts is authority for the statement that it was the grave of Ramona, who, according to another account, is still alive. This is the region from which H. H. took the scenes and people described so graphically in her tale of wrongs done the Indian.

Tuesday evening Santa Barbara was reached, and a stay of twenty-four hours made in one of the most interesting places of California. Santa Barbara lies on a narrow strip of land facing the sea, and some beautiful islands on the south, a picturesque mountain range, about 5,000 feet high, lying some two miles back to the north. The most beautiful sunset that was seen was that watched from the beach at Santa Barbara. The climate is equable and drowsy; rest seems to fill the air. The citizens displayed a rather peculiar hospitality in furnishing carriages, by means of which the day was pleasantly spent, but denying to the librarians the pleasure of their company. The public library, in charge of Mrs. Rust, the old mission, the mammoth grapevine, the cliffs, from which there were magnificent views, and the Hard Road were visited during the day. When the shades of Wednesday fell, the party, unlike the Arab, departed with song and noisy laughter, and was seen no more until it rested by the sea wave of Santa Monica in the early morn of the next day. A stay here of several hours was employed by some in gazing into the calm eye of the festive ostrich, which is "farmed" here, and by others in the sportive display of anatomy among the foamy billows. At 11 o'clock the train pulled out with its beaming party for Redondo Beach, which was reached about 2 P. M. Some of the party stopped off at Los Angeles, and they will always have cause for regret at missing the pleasures of Redondo. The surf-baths, the shark which was drawn ashore by the President elect, the impromptu dance

on the \$2,000 floor, the moonlight walk through the beautiful gardens, will long furnish pleasant thoughts.

The early morning of Friday, October 23, found the party ready to enjoy the genial sunshine and generous hospitality of Pasadena. Before breakfast was despatched the citizens were abroad with fruit and flowers and bade a hearty welcome to the tourists. Carriages were in readiness, and a pleasant drive of three hours through this beautiful city and its suburbs, out to the Raymond and back through the Carr place, showed good reason for its popularity. A pleasant little visit to the public library enabled the librarians to meet many of Pasadena's people who were in waiting with fruit, flowers, smiles, and welcome. Luncheon was served at the Green Hotel and was followed by appropriate speeches from Mr. Masters, Pres. Green, Mr. Whelpley, and others. With grateful feelings for a very pleasant visit, the librarians proceeded at 3.30 P. M. and in an hour found themselves in comfortable quarters at the Westminster Hotel in Los Angeles. Various little excursion parties started out before the dinner hour, and visited the display of fruit, flowers, vegetables, etc., not to omit the babies at the district fair, the Chinese quarters, the churches, and a part of Spanish town. To say the entertainment, socially, of the A. L. A. here was in the hands of Miss Kelso and her able assistant Miss Hasse, declares at once its high order. A very elegant and cordial reception of the A. L. A. was held in the evening in the handsome rooms of the public library, where youth, beauty, and intellect bade a hearty welcome to this vigorous city. A late hour found the party wending their way back to the Westminster,—the gentlemen with ghosts of bright eyes and echoes of silvery voices keeping company with their reluctantly returning steps, and the young ladies wishing *Tempus* wouldn't fugit, and willing to "trade off" even the "Big Four" for some of the gallant gentlemen who seemed so concerned for their welfare. Next morning, Miss K. with her able co-adjutants were at the hotel at an early hour, and the librarians were taken around to see the city. Down the wide avenues the party wended its way, each carriage with some fair or brave resident in it, to point out the places of interest or beauty, or even to "give a tip" on the price of corner lots. The wonderful stories of wealth and progress, where just a few years ago "the rank thistle nodded in the wind," were amazing.

At noon, with many regrets, the librarians were

compelled to say farewell to Los Angeles. The train rolled on during the afternoon through great fields evidently earlier in the season covered with wheat, stretching as far as the eye could reach. The afternoon was spent in musing over the pleasures of the past few days, the only ripple being caused by one of the ladies absent-mindedly placing her hat outside the window. It was carried away on the wings of the winds, or mayhap by the wings on its side exerting themselves once more. At any rate, it was two days before she saw it again. As the evening came on the whiff of the seabreeze became more perceptible, and as the darkening shades of night appeared, the broad expanse of old ocean again spread its billows beside the train, but was soon shut out from view by a dense fog rolling in. At the beautiful Hotel del Coronado the party was met by Miss Younkin and a committee of San Diego citizens, who cordially welcomed them and extended the freedom of the city. A charming program of entertainments offered and a badge of "open sesame" were presented to each of the party, and they again saw that the lines were falling to them in pleasant places. In the evening a number accepted the invitation of the Mizpah Club to "trip the light fantastic," and Boston again vied with Chicago in graceful movement.

Sunday, Oct. 25, was undecided what kind of weather to give the tourists, and by turns furnished fog, smoky cloudiness, sharp winds, and finally flashed the sunlight over the mountains in a warm good night. The day was variously spent by different persons, but by the most part the comforts of the hotel and a good rest were enjoyed. In the afternoon many of San Diego's best people made friendly calls on the librarians. In the evening a party, under the guidance of Major Forney and his wife, made an underground tour of this seven acres of hotel. Wonder and amazement kept step with the company from the time of entrance, when the young lady with an historical name, insisted on tasting the beautiful red liquid, much to her after regret, through the cooling rooms, through the electric plant into the ice manufactory, where the process was shown and explained, and out again on the beautifully-lighted grounds. The next day one party went for a sail in the yachts on the bay, others, in the carriages placed at their disposal, viewed places of interest in and about this enterprising city, which is fast turning from a sleepy Spanish town into an American commercial centre. Still others, by the power of the pretty, white badge, took the train to Tia Juana. Aside

from the fact of being in a foreign country there was little to excite interest or admiration. Badges were stamped at the custom house, the curio-shop was nearly emptied, and the garrulous darkey who drove the coach over the line recognized his friend from "Injianny." In the evening a delightful reception of the librarians was held at the residence of Mrs. H. L. Story, where, in addition to many other charming people, they were greeted by the gifted poetess, Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, who, at the solicitation of the company, recited her own poem, "Curfew shall not toll tonight."

Early on Tuesday morning Riverside was reached, and the citizens headed by Mrs. Smith, the librarian, came aboard bearing their greeting in fresh fruit and flowers. The Magnolia avenue, the broad and heavily laden orange groves and vineyards, the beautiful views of the mountains and valleys, as seen in the pleasant ride about this lovely city, will long linger in the minds of the tourists. A lunch was spread at the Glenwood, where, in the parlors, formal speech-making preceded its discussion. Much surprise and comment were excited by the peculiar views on the education of women and their position in life, drawn out from members standing high in A.L. A. At 2 P. M. the journey was resumed, and in an hour the party came to Redlands. Why a stop of three hours was arranged in this queer place of dust, burros, and consumptives no fellow has yet found out. Some efforts at amusement and killing time were made by one of the young women running off with a burro, and three others eloping with the street-car driver, mules and all.

With the first sunshine of Wednesday, Oct. 26, the train had reached The Needles, a small town so called from the form of a mountain group near by. Immediately, as if up from the ground, came a swarming crowd of wretched-looking Indian squaws with rude clay pottery for sale. The interest in these specimens of Poor Lo brought out the inmates of the cars in every stage of robbing, and as long as the train waited the barter kept up. At every stop during the day these creatures appeared, and each time were greeted with the beaming smiles and gleaming coins of the gentlemen of the party, who exchanged their "bits" for different specimens of animate as well as inanimate objects, once paying two "bits" to see the papooses. The way lay through a sandy desert, but towards evening the road wound up into the mountains, and the day closed with magnificent views of mountain gorges, cañons, valleys, and

towering rocks. The tour across Arizona, all things considered, was a very pleasant disappointment, and as the crowd gathered as usual in the evening on the "back porch" of the observation car, no one felt it had been tiresome. Ah, that "back porch!" Night after night, as the evening shadows fell, "by ones and twos the company came." As over and over the bliss of that memorable and historical walk from "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party" was related, and over and over the threat was made to "Hang my Harp on a Weeping Willow Tree," grasshoppers became a burden and were barred out, "electric sparks" were crystallized into a study flame. Even the sarcastic disciple of Esculapius, if it were not fish day, joined in declaring the reality of the "Hole in the Bottom of the Sea." During the day, this same back porch served as debating ground, resting place, meeting place, studio, and it was said poetry was inspired on that platform on several occasions.

When the party awoke to consciousness on Thursday, they found a decided change in the temperature and realized that they had passed out of the land of flowers and sunshine. The route still lay through the Indian country, and the bartering was kept up quite as vigorously as on the previous day. The Indians, however, and their dwellings also, were a decided improvement over those seen before. The most interesting place was Laguna where the town and people seemed to have lifted themselves from the adobe mud into a better atmosphere. Upon inquiry it was found that many had been at Carlisle, Hampton, and other schools. At every opportunity a fresh supply of pottery was laid in, and the eagerness of the young ladies of the party to possess the silver ornaments of the Indians was outdone by that of the gentlemen, who captured even the pins which held together their unique attire. Late in the afternoon the old town of Santa Fé was reached. Here the relic-hunter, curio-seeker, and sight-seer had full play, and the energy displayed in the pursuit until seven o'clock in the evening would have cleared the waiting desks in the libraries at home. A visit was made to the Helen Hunt Indian School, which, was found filled with mischievous boys and girls not unlike their lighter brethren. The view from Fort Phillips was beautiful, but a drive over this quaint old town with its narrow streets, queer adobe houses, dusky faces peering curiously from every quarter, a foreign language heard everywhere, gave one the impression of being in another coun-



try, instead of under the bonny stars and stripes. Though it is the oldest town in the United States, it is far from being an American city. When the train again proceeded on its way, the cars presented the appearance of a junk-shop, and the tales told of bargains made would have done credit to an Uncle Solomon.

Friday, Oct. 30, began for the tourists in one of the most beautiful places visited on the whole way, Las Vegas Springs. The train had stopped at the side of a small valley surrounded closely by mountains, and within sight and sound of a clear stream, the outlet of the springs. The mountains were covered with the evergreens, between which jutted out the huge, red granite rocks. On the lower heights, as well as in the valley, were the variously-tinted deciduous trees, which flamed out in their autumnal colors. A blue haze hung over the tops of the mountains, but the flashing rays of the morning sun threw a golden radiance over all. A beautiful hotel, the Montezuma, "way up on the mountain" side, furnished a good breakfast, after which the search for curio-shops began. It was noticeable that the zeal was somewhat dampened, whether from the increase of material or decrease in the wherewithal, but there was an interest in the financial condition of one's neighbor, which had not been observed before. After witnessing the spectacle of some of the more dignified ladies of the party trying to *persuade* a burro, the party proceeded on its way.

A meeting was called in the observation car at 11 A. M., where a lively discussion, participated in by nearly all, showed that the spirit of business was not dissipated by the pleasures indulged in for the past week. It was pleasant to see the President trying to keep his feet in the swaying car and order at the same time, energetically waving an Indian war club by way of a gavel, surrounded by the members, each anxious for his own peculiar views to be adopted. The first break in the party was made on Friday evening by the departure of Messrs. Dana and Dudley for Denver. These two could ill be spared, as they had made themselves particularly pleasant and helpful on the journey, the first to all who came in his way, and the last as a member of the Big Four, and in the musical line.

Saturday morning the train wound its steady way across what evidently in some past day had been the booming part of Kansas, judging from the straggling, deserted villages plentifully sprinkled along the line. At about 2.30 P. M. Topeka was reached, and a most satisfactory stay

was made there. Through the courtesy of State Librarian Dennis, Mr. Wilder, Librarian Beer, and other citizens, a delightful view of the city Washburn College, the Capitol, the libraries, and other points of interest were obtained. A very pleasant reception was given in the parlors of the public library. One of its features was an address of welcome from Mr. Chief Justice Horton, of the Kansas Supreme Court. President Green responded. Dainty refreshments were served by a collection of the prettiest girls seen on the whole route. Over and over again the gentlemen of the party allowed themselves to be served, for the mere pleasure of meeting again their bright eyes and witching smiles.

Good-bys were finally said, and the train was soon on its way to Kansas City. Eastern Kansas wore a more pleasing aspect, and this last evening's ride was very beautiful. The road lay along the bank of the Kansas River, which seemed perfectly still, and reflected on its placid surface the bordering trees in all their autumnal tints. Broad fields of well-kept farms lay on the other side, while over the cloud mountains the setting sun flooded the heaven with yellow and rose. It was a scene of delight long to be remembered. Shortly after dark the train rolled into Kansas City, and the cars were again forsaken for the hotel. As the long line of carriages wended its way to the Midland, speculations were heard on the streets as to whether it was a funeral or an opera troupe. No social entertainment was offered here, and the librarians spent the day as their individual inclination prompted. A subdued feeling seemed to take possession of them, the shadow of the approaching end to a very pleasant month. With sincere and oft-expressed regret the party on Sunday evening bade adieu to Miss Allan of the Omaha Public Library, than whom none brighter nor more earnest in purpose are in the A. L. A., and at 6.00 P. M. the librarians again began their homeward journey, and the early morning found them within the great Chicago. Who can tell of Chicago? She is incomparable, for there is none like unto her; no, not one!

The librarians were met by committees from the Public Library, the Newberry, and the Crerar, and were gracefully and cordially entertained till their departure. After finding pleasant quarters at the Auditorium, the party was taken to the Public Library, where Mr. F. H. Hild, High Sachem of the Mandarins, and librarian of Chicago, was their genial host. After a pleasant hour with him, the Newberry Library was visited,



where a meeting was called to attend to some unfinished business. When this was accomplished the A. L. A. of 1891 was at an end. After luncheon at the Auditorium the party was driven in carriages to the Columbian Exposition grounds, and a slight idea of the monster "show" to be held in 1893 was obtained. In the evening an informal reception was given the librarians in the parlors of the Auditorium, and the good-bys of many who had formed warm attachments in the trip across the continent, were spoken. At 11 o'clock the best wishes of those left behind went

with the eastern contingent as they proceeded on their way.

[At Pittsburgh the party were shown the library, the public green-houses, the city hall, the jail, and other public places by the Rev. Dr. W. J. Holland, and seven of them had the good fortune to see the wonderful collection of butterflies in his house. The troop gradually dwindled as it passed Philadelphia, Newark, New York, and Putnam, and it was a lonely seven that reached Boston at 6 P. M., Nov. 4, having traveled over 9,000 miles in five weeks lacking half an hour.]

## ATTENDANCE REGISTER.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| Ahern, Mary Eileen, Cataloger State L., Indianapolis, Ind. | Haines, Estelle, Cataloger P. L., Los Angeles, Cal.              |
| Allan, Jessie, Ln. P. L., Omaha, Neb.                      | Hancock, Caroline G., Ln. F. P. L., Sacramento, Cal.             |
| Barr, Isabel, New York City, N. Y.                         | Harbaugh, Mary C., Asst. Ln. F. L., Alameda, Cal.                |
| Bean, J. D., Brookline, Mass.                              | Harris, Emma J., Woonsocket, R. I.                               |
| Bean, Mary A., Ln. P. L., Brookline, Mass.                 | Hasse, Adelaide, Asst. Ln. P. L., Los Angeles, Cal.              |
| Beckwith, Daniel, Ln. Athenæum, Providence, R. I.          | Hewins, Caroline M., Ln. Hartford L. Assoc. Hartford, Conn.      |
| Bowker, R. R., Vice-President Brooklyn L., Brooklyn, N. Y. | Hild, F. H., Ln. P. L., Chicago, Ill.                            |
| Cheney, J. Vance, Ln. P. L., San Francisco, Cal.           | Hill, Frank P., Ln. F. P. L., Newark, N. J.                      |
| Clark, G. T., Asst. Ln. Cal. State L., Sacramento, Cal.    | Jenks, H. F., Trustee P. L., Canton, Mass.                       |
| Cleary, A. J., Ln. Odd Fellows' L., San Francisco, Cal.    | Johnston, D. V. R., Ref. Ln. N. Y. State L., Albany, N. Y.       |
| Cloudsley, W. F., Ln. F. P. L., Stockton, Cal.             | Kelso, Tessa L., Ln. P. L., Los Angeles, Cal.                    |
| Cooke, H. H., Liby. Dept., McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.    | Kumli, Bertha, Ln. F. L., Santa Rosa, Cal.                       |
| Coues, Dr. Elliott, Washington, D. C.                      | Layman, Joseph D., Asst. Ln. State Univ. of Cal., Berkeley, Cal. |
| Crook, Alice B., Yonkers, N. Y.                            | Linderfelt, K. A., Ln. P. L., Milwaukee, Wis.                    |
| Cutler, Louisa S., Ln. Aguilar L., N. Y.                   | Linderfelt, Mrs. K. A., Milwaukee, Wis.                          |
| Cutter, C. A., Ln. Boston Athenæum, Boston, Mass.          | Lippitt, Julia, Providence, R. I.                                |
| Dana, J. C., Ln. P. L., Denver, Col.                       | Lowdermilk, W. H., Bookseller, Washington, D. C.                 |
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| Davis, Mrs. Adelaide, Worcester, Mass.                     | Metcalf, Anna, Ln. Harris Inst. L., Woonsocket, R. I.            |
| Dexter, Lydia A., Cataloger, Newberry L., Chicago, Ill.    | Morrison, G. H., Sec. Bancroft L., San Francisco, Cal.           |
| Dudley, C. R., Ln. Merc. L., Denver, Col.                  | Moss, G., Act'g Ln. Sutro L., San Francisco, Cal.                |
| Ewing, Robert, Trustee Mech. Inst., San Francisco, Cal.    | Nolan, E. J., Ln. Acad. of Natural Sciences, Phila., Pa.         |
| Fletcher, W. I., Ln. Amherst Coll. L., Amherst, Mass.      | O'Brien, Margaret A., Asst. Ln. P. L., Omaha, Neb.               |
| Gilmore, L. B., Asst. Ln. P. L., Detroit, Mich.            | Perkins, Sarah H., Cataloger F. P. L., San Francisco, Cal.       |
| Gilmore, Leonora S., Somerset, Mass.                       |  |
| Goodwin, Helen M., Los Angeles, Cal.                       |  |
| Goodwin, W., Philadelphia, Pa.                             |  |
| Green, S. Swett, Ln. F. P. L., Worcester, Mass.            |  |

Plummer, Mary W., Ln. Pratt Institute, Brooklyn N. Y.

Poole, W. F., Ln. Newberry L., Chicago, Ill.

Prescott, Harriet B., Cataloger Columbia Coll. L., N. Y.

Root, Azariah S., Ln. Coll. L., Oberlin, Ohio.

Rowell, Joseph C., Ln. State Univ. of Cal., Berkeley, Cal.

Rudolph, Alexander J., Asst. Ln. P. L., San Francisco, Cal.

Rust, Mrs. M. C., Ln. F. P. L., Santa Barbara, Cal.

Scudder S. H., Cambridge, Mass.

Shaw, G. T., Trustee F. P. L., San Francisco, Cal.

Sherman, Deborah Keith, Yonkers, N. Y., Trustee Y. W. C. A. Lib., N. Y.

Smith, Mrs. G. L., Ln. F. P. L., Riverside, Cal.

Soule, C. C., Trustee P. L., Brookline, Mass.

Southworth, Mrs. M. E., Cataloger State L., Sacramento, Cal.

Stechert, G. E., Bookseller, New York.

Sutro, Adolph, Hon. Member, San Francisco.

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Utley, H. M., Ln. P. L., Detroit, Mich.

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Wallis, Talbot H., Ex. State Ln., Sacramento, Cal.

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Whelpley, A. W., Ln. P. L., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Whelpley, Mrs. A. W., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Whitaker, Alfred E., Ln. Merc. L., San Francisco, Cal.

Wilson, Horace, Ln. Mech. Inst., San Francisco, Cal.

Wire, G. E., Supt. Med. Dept., Newberry L., Chicago, Ill.

Younkin, Lulu, Ln. P. L., San Diego, Cal.

## ATTENDANCE SUMMARIES.

### BY POSITION AND SEX.

	Men.	Women.	Total.
Trustees and other officers . . . . .	8	1	8
Chief librarians . . . . .	21	13	34
Sub-librarians and assistants . . . . .	6	11	17
Publishers and booksellers . . . . .	3	0	3
Others . . . . .	6	11	17
Total . . . . .	44	36	80

### BY STATES.

Mass. . . . .	12	Ill. . . . .	5
R. I. . . . .	5	Mich. . . . .	2
Conn. . . . .	1	Wis. . . . .	2
N. Y. . . . .	10	Neb. . . . .	2
Penn. . . . .	2	Col. . . . .	2
N. J. . . . .	1	Cal. . . . .	30
D. C. . . . .	2		—
Ohio . . . . .	3	Total . . . . .	80
Ind. . . . .	1		

### BY SECTIONS.

6 of the 9 No. Atlantic States	Sent . . . . .	31
1 " 9 So. Atlantic States	" . . . . .	2
0 " 8 Gulf States	" . . . . .	0
5 " 8 North Central States	" . . . . .	13
2 " 8 Mountain States	" . . . . .	4
1 " 8 Pacific States	" . . . . .	30
		—
Total . . . . .		80

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